



*While the Owl had the dish  
as its share of the treat.  
When the pie was all finished,  
the Owl, as a boon,  
Was kindly permitted  
to pocket the spoon:  
While the Panther received knife  
and fork with a growl,  
And concluded the banquet by—*

“What is the use of repeating all that stuff?” the Mock Turtle interrupted, “if you don’t explain it as you go on? It’s by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!”

“Yes, I think you’d better leave off,” said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

“Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille?” the Gryphon went on. “Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you another song?”

“Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind,” Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, “Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her ‘Turtle Soup’, will you, old fellow?”

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice choked with sobs, to sing this:—

*“Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,  
Waiting in a hot tureen!  
Who for such dainties would not stoop?  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!  
    Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!  
    Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!  
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,  
    Beautiful, beautiful Soup!”*

*“Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,  
Game, or any other dish?”*

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